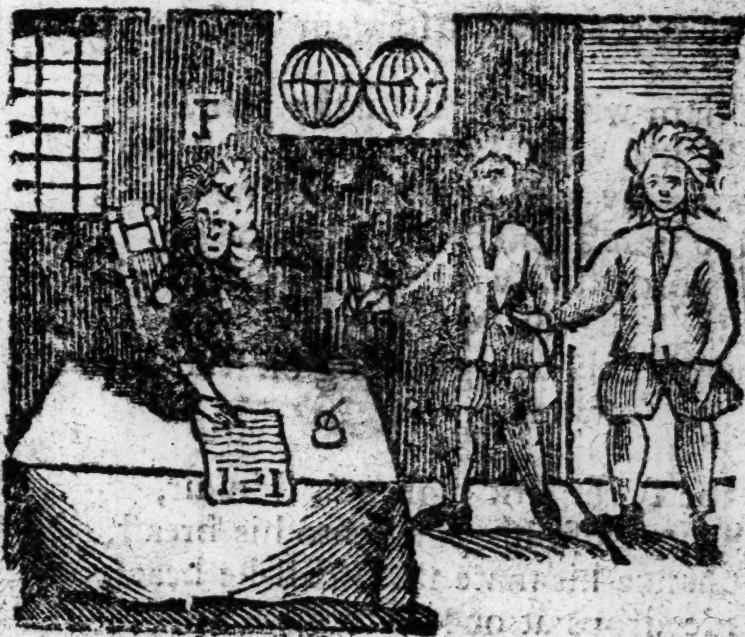


WILLIAM and SUSAN's

GARLAND,

In Three Parts.

Tune,—“Black ey'd Susan”.





WILLIAM AND SUSAN.



PART I.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on-board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails amongst your crew.

William who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro',
Soon as my well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
The cords slid swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And quickly as lightening on the deck he
stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate shrill call he hears,
He drops at once into his nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again,
Change as ye list, ye winds, my mind shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the land-men say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They tell thee sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of pretty Sue.

Tho' battle force me from thy arms,
Let not my charming Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,

William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
 eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails her swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her list'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu! she cries, and waves her lilly hand.



*SWEET WILLIAM'S HAPPY RETURN
 TO HIS DEAR SUSAN.*



P A R T II.

AS thro' a grove I took my way,
 Sweet recreation for to take,
 A charming maiden fair and gay,
 For her true love sad moan did make :
 In a sweet bower near a pleasant green,
 Drest like a goddess, or some beauteous queen.

Unto this maid with sorrow fill'd,
 I went to ease her of her smart;
 But when my person she beheld,
 She said, kind sir, I pray depart.
 What business have you here to trouble me?
 Or to be scoffing at my misery.

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 Why should I make my scoff of thee?
 I do perceive that you are in love,
 And I could wish it was with me.
 Sweet charming creature shew to me thy
 name

For thy bright eyes my senses do enflame.

Susan, it is my name, said she,
 Who is oppress'd with grief and woe;
 My dearest love is gone to sea,
 But where he is I do not know.
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
 I have not seen him for these many years.

Kind Mrs. Susan, I protest,
 I think I know the same young man,
 He has a mole on his right breast,
 Likewise his name is William Lamb!
 And if it be the same, I tell thee plain,
 That all your mournings are spent in vain.

He is the man that is my dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear,
 Of my true love's inconstancy:
 But surely such a thing can never be,
 For he admires none alive but me.

That's your mistake sweet charming fair,
 Since I will let you understand,
 William is married I declare,
 Unto a maid in new England,
 And he is rais'd to a high degree,
 Forget him, for he's been false to thee.

He is the man that is my dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan then reply'd;
 And I am a poor distressed maid,
 No other shall make me a bride;
 Tho' he is false a maid I'll live and die,
 But yet my heart does in his bosom lie.

All happiness attend my dear,
 Where'er he goes by land or sea,
 My love to him is still sincere,
 Altho' he has prov'd false to me.
 Yet let sweet William use me as he will,
 I cannot help but love sweet William still.

I could be glad with all my heart,
 To see sweet William once again,
 Then I my mind would soon impart,
 To him who breaks my heart in twain,
 And she that is his bride, I love her too,
 Tho' he be false my love to him is true.



SWEET SUSAN'S LOYALTY



P A R T III.

SEEING his Susan's loyalty,
 Tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
 Into her arms he strait did fly,
 Saying, why does my love complain?
 I am thy William join'd to thee by oath,
 Nothing but death can ever part us both.
 My dear, behold on my right breast,
 You know there grows a certain mole;
 Let not thy heart be fore oppress'd,
 Here is the broken piece of gold,
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 When you departed and I went away.

Sorrow and hardship I went thro'
While I was on the raging main,
Now to my dear beloved Sue

I am returned safe again,
No more I'll pass the raging ocean wide,
But live in pleasure with my loving bride.

Susan in a swoon did faint

At William's feet I do declare,
He catch'd her up into his arms,

Soon he reviv'd the charming fair,
William and Susan sweetly pass'd along,
To *Plymouth* church where multitudes do
throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,

And twenty maids in rich attire,

A glorious sight for to behold.

Musick play'd at their desire,

To meet the bride and bridegroem there,

Now they are join'd a sweet and happy pair.

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FINIS.

